

Large Circulation
LARGEST IN THE CITY.
Purely Business!

The columns of a newspaper represent a cash value. No publisher can afford to give advertising "notices" free any more than a merchant can afford to give his customer free gifts of dry goods or shoes. A newspaper is a valuable business concern. Its columns are the stock in trade and advertisements should be paid for, no matter in what part of the paper they appear.

The Continued Calls
Upon The Ledger for free notices have become so burdensome that we are forced to publish the following terms:

For Notices of Suppers,
receptions, fairs, or other public entertainments where a free charge is made, the notice must be paid for in advance. The notice must be paid for in advance. The notice must be paid for in advance.

Does Not Include
notices of Lodge meetings or Church services, which must not exceed ten lines.

Avoidance of Disputes.
Misunderstandings are unpleasant. The rate for business notices in The Ledger is 10 cents a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line for subsequent insertions. A customer orders a five-line local notice in the paper. "I tell you when to take it out," he says to the bookkeeper. But he forgets all about it. The notice runs for two months—21 times—the bill is \$15.25. When he finds it out there is a "sack" and a controversy, followed probably by an icy feeling. Now, to obviate this trouble, "full payment" notices will be accepted hereafter. Let's have a definite agreement at the outset and the irritation will be pleasant all around.

✓ If all matter for publication must be handed in before 9 o'clock in the morning of each day.

MAYSVILLE WEATHER.
What We May Expect For the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.
White streamer—FAIR.
Blue—RAIN or SNOW.
With Black above—WILL WARMER.
Snow.
If Black's BENEATH—COLDER! Will be.
Unless Black's shown—no change we'll see.

✓ The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock tomorrow evening.

We respectfully invite the conductors of The Ledger with any other daily newspaper in all Northern Kentucky. If any one can find a daily paper printed in the Ninth Congressional District that has a larger circulation, or more original meeting matter, we will take pleasure in presenting him with a year's subscription to The Ledger. And this paper is furnished at same price as inferior ones.

Rev. O. A. Nelson, who has been critically ill for about two weeks, is now out of danger.

M. C. Russell will give some one a \$5 gold piece if they will tell him who it is that cuts the flowers out of the yard at his residence on East Third street.

The church-queers of the city will be glad to learn that the Rev. T. J. Dodd, D. D., of Covington will tomorrow occupy the pulpit of Rev. T. W. Watts both morning and evening.

The following item, from yesterday's Commercial Gazette, will be of much interest to many of our citizens: "Friends of Mr. J. P. Burckhardt are congratulating him on his engagement to Miss Katharine Albert of Mayville. Ky., one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies of the 'Bluegrass' state."

Attention, Sir Knights.
Sir Knights of Mayville Commandery No. 10, K. T., you are hereby notified to meet in our Asylum tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at 2 o'clock in full uniform except sword for the observance of Easter Sunday. JOHN C. LOVELL, E. C. A. H. Thompson, Recorder.

Mrs. Maggie Ort has been quite ill for several weeks.

Mrs. L. V. Davis has the correct style of Easter Bonnet. Zweigart's Block.

Gaines M. Clayton of this city is now employed as tinner in a shop at Vanceburg.

The Christian Church people of Vanceburg will erect a new church in the near future.

Mr. Ben Davis, the genial clothier of Vanceburg, has been laid up with several pets in the shape of boils the past week.

Lieutenant Nat P. Flaister has been given the position of Instructor in International Military Law and Infantry Tactics at the Officers School at Fort Leavenworth.

Dr. Charles P. Dieterich made a narrow escape this morning. He was walking alongside the C and O. track in the Sixth Ward when the Westbound Flyer came along at a 240 mile. A chunk of coal fell of the tender, flying to pieces, and fragment striking him on the leg, one in the side and one on the hand, the latter producing an ugly cut.

WOMEN IN THE SPRING.
They Need Nothing So Much as Paine's Celery Compound.



THE LEDGER'S EASTER GREETING.



In the spring women need Paine's Celery Compound.

The average American woman, says a well known writer, wears herself out twenty years before her time. She begins the wearing-out process as a child, staying up at night until the whole family retires, and keeps it up as a growing girl, staying awake until 10 or 11 o'clock when she should be asleep by 9 and a woman she has so many things to do, and to keep up with that she positively hasn't a minute to rest.

By and by her cheeks grow thin and haggard; languor takes the place of her old-time high spirits; she has a generally worn-out air; her nerves are gnawed by pain, and sleeplessness makes fearful inroads upon her health.

Her physician tells her simply that her nervous system is exhausted, and that help must come by feeding the brain and entire nervous tract, richly, rapidly and completely. It is the experience of the most careful medical men in this country that nothing proves so uniformly successful as Paine's Celery Compound in cases of brain-weakness, nervous inability, failure of vital force, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and for restoring health and vigor to the brain and body when exhausted by overwork or dissipation.

Every such weary, nervous, thin-blooded person should take Paine's Celery Compound. It makes such people well.

Paine's Celery Compound improves the general health by making new red blood and refreshing the nerves.

It rejuvenates the languid body, and vitalizes the important organs—so that they work in harmony with each other.

The accomplished editor of The Oakland (Ill.) Ledger, a portrait of whose wife is given above, says in his own paper, editorially:

"The C and O. has put in its new system of blocks at Vanceburg."

Dr. P. G. Smoot can be found at night at residence of John N. Thomas, Third street.

A roaming preacher of the sanctificationist persuasion, who was traveling in a shanty boat was burned out at Henderson a few days ago, and had to be assisted out of town by the Mayor.

An invoice of the newest things in stylish cases has just been received at Balenger's. In matter of woods—either plain or tastefully trimmed with sterling silver—you have a wide range to select from—Congo, Purple, Adreite, Wexel, English Oak, French Laurel, Hazel, Tokay and many others, besides something entirely new. A selected stock.

"Our leading druggist, Dr. W. G. Gregory, informs us that his sale of Paine's Celery Compound have been wonderful; in fact, he states that he has in six months sold more Celery Compound than all other medicines combined. There has been a constant demand for it."

"One of the noticeable cures that this medicine has made is the case of Mr. Phil Cliland, who last spring was Republican candidate for County Treasurer. Mr. Cliland's nerves were all unstrung; he had no appetite and was all run-down. He commenced using Paine's Celery Compound, and today there is not a more well and vigorous citizen in this whole community than Mr. Cliland. Another case that comes closer is that of the wife of the editor of The Ledger. Every one in Oakland knows that Mrs. Yeagris was confined to her bed for three whole months with neuralgia. At times her pains were awful, so much so that her hands would clench and it took the united strength of two persons to straighten out her fingers. Dr. Gurvey, the family physician, treated her for months, but all he could do was to alleviate the pains, not effecting a cure. Along last winter she commenced using Paine's Celery Compound.

"She commenced to gain in flesh at once. Her pain all went away; her vitality increased weekly, and today there is not a more healthy woman in town than she. Her neighbors all marvel at her complete recovery, and ask her the cause, and she has no hesitancy in saying that it is all due to Paine's Celery Compound. This is given voluntarily in the hopes that others who are afflicted may be profited by using this great medicine, which today is without a peer in the land."

HERE & THERE

Mr. Jeff Sweet has returned home after a pleasant visit at North Middletown.

Mrs. Robert Arnett and son are here on a visit to her brother, W. Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pogue of Cincinnati have returned home after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pogue of the West End.

Mrs. Judge W. P. Coons and daughter of Augusta are attending the meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the Central Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Frank Maunson and daughter Marjorie are here from West Superior, Wis., to spend several months with her mother, Mrs. Julia Morgan of West Second street.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks of Danville, Va., are in the city for a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Blatterman. They are on their way to visit to Mr. Brooks' parents in Colorado.

Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Rees of Augusta are guests of Mr. Duke Watson and attending the meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the Central Presbyterian Church.

Jim Yasell and Harry Gian had a scrap in the Sixth Ward last night.

Andrew Wells of near Sardis made an assignment Monday afternoon to Judge N. A. Tilton. Assets and liabilities not stated.

WELL DONE!
MASON ON A MARCH!

PROGRESS INSCRIBED ON HER VICTORIOUS BANNER!

All honor, Gentleman's!

Composing a majority of the Fiscal Court.

THE LEDGER has great respect for the opinions of those who honestly differ from it.

It is physically impossible for all men to think alike, and it is eminently proper that they do not.

Without division of opinion Government would be impossible, and to those who oppose should be accorded the same homely of purpose that is claimed for the adherents of a given measure—trusting that time and experience will demonstrate the right.

Therefore, while THE LEDGER has no harsh words for those members of the Fiscal Court who so persistently fought against Free Turkeys, it is firmly of the belief that a year's experience under the system of unrestricted travel will convince them that they have all too long tolerated the onerous toll system.

The proceedings of the Court, printed elsewhere, give a brief resume of what has been accomplished in this direction, and the work has not been commenced.

For the repair and maintenance of the pikes that have been thus far accepted, and which will be benefit free for all who desire to travel over them, the Court has made a levy for the current year of 80 cents on the \$100 of taxable property in the county.

This is 15 cents less than the turkpie levy made in 1895, and 50 cents less than that of 1896, and will yield about \$90,000—per capita of about \$1.

Under existing conditions the tolls collected in Mason county aggregate something like \$50,000 a year, the great bulk of which is paid by the farmers—the citizens of Mayville, although embracing nearly one-half the entire population of the county, paying an insignificant sum as compared to the total amount.

It is for the relief of the farmers from the bulk of this great burden that THE LEDGER has labored so long and so earnestly, and it hopefully looks to the future for an indorsement of its course—as it has been indorsed on former occasions, notably in the splendid success of our railway enterprises and the water-works.

RIVER NEWS.
Numerous items of interest found floating on the Current.

The new wharfbloat at Gallipolis is now one of the largest and most commodious on the Ohio river.

The Bonanza on her last trip up had one of the largest passenger trips of any boat passing this city in a long time.

The Keystone State made a wonderful run from Gallipolis to Cincinnati on her last trip down, running the distance in just twenty-one hours and not missing a single landing.

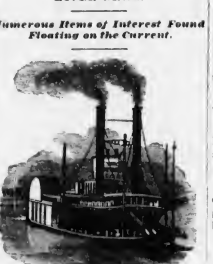
The new Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packet that is to be built to take the place of the burned Iron Queen will be 320 feet long, 40 feet beam and 34 feet hold. She will have four boilers 20 feet long on a steel deck, and compound engines 40 inch diameter and seven feet stroke.

The U. S. Inspector at New Orleans, during the quarter ending March 31st, inspected 35 steamers and licensed 36 officers. During this period the steamers of this district carried 343,375 passengers and the loss of life was but one. Eight steamers, all either sunk, burned or wrecked, amount out of service during this time, entailing a loss of \$135,129.

See the favorite Gas Range in operation at Fitzgerald's, the Flambour.

Mr. J. J. Shuckelford sold to Henry Million, colored, a house and lot on an alley opposite "Public Square." Fifth Ward, for \$500.

E. L. Kinneman has surrendered his lease of Washington Opera-house. The Managers of Washington Fire Company will have charge of it the rest of the season.



Kanawha and tributaries falling. The Rutch is due up tonight for Portsmouth.

The St. Lawrence will pass up tonight for Pomeroy.

The Telegraph is the midnight packet from Pomeroy.

Falling from Pittsburgh as far down as Parkersburg.

The Hudson will be the Pittsburgh packet tonight.

There will be no local Cincinnati packet tomorrow.

The Carrollton will pass down to Morrow from Pittsburgh.

Thousands of railroad ties and some logs got out of the Little Kanawha Thursday night.

The beautiful little towboat Morelock, whose engines, cabin and furniture came off the old steamer W. N. Chancellor, is receiving some much-needed improvements at Cincinnati.

THE REBEKAS.
Last Night's Meeting and Luncheon a Splendid Success.

Friendship Lodge No. 45, D. R., had a pleasant and profitable meeting last night.

Two candidates were admitted, the initiatory ceremonies being conducted by the well-drilled team, with Mrs. Margaret Schwartz as N. G., Mrs. Lottie Martin V. G., Mrs. Katie Bieker s. P. G., Mrs. Elizabeth McClannahan Conductor, Miss Jennie Gibson Chaplain, Miss Emma Schellie Warden, Mrs. Maggie Powell O. G., Miss Anna Traxel I. G., W. B. Study O. C., Miss Lizzie Schwartz Organist, Mrs. Fannie Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth Daugherty, Miss Emma Schwartz and Miss Cora Ort R. and L. Supporters respectively to the Noble and Vice Grand.

After the initiation those present were invited to an elegant luncheon, handsomely prepared and handsomely served by the ladies.

Special For Saturday.
Bananas 10 cents. Oranges 12 cents. Lemons 15 cents per dozen. R. B. Lovell.

Only \$1.95 Round Trip.
Popular excursion to Cincinnati via C. and O. Railway Sunday April 21st, 1895. On account of the first Sunday championship National game between the great rival teams Cleveland vs. Cincinnati, tickets good going on regular train No. 17, which leaves eight extra coaches for this occasion leaving Mayville at 9:02 a. m., arriving at Cincinnati 11:35 a. m., returning a special train will leave Fourth Street Station at 7:30 p. m., tickets also good returning on regular train leaving Central Union Depot 7:40 a. m. Monday, April 23rd. Round trip only \$1.95. Don't miss it!

FREE. FREE! FREE.
DO ADVERTISEMENTS PAY?

This question is often asked. To answer it we have decided to put on sale our large stock of fancy Laundered and Unlaundered Shirts, which are made of the very best material and latest styles—50 different colors—at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. We sell these goods at

ONE-THIRD OFF.

But to make this the best bargain that you will ever get we also give away free a King Silk with every shirt bought of us, only on condition you bring the Coupon in this advertisement. This offer is only for two weeks, beginning April 10th, 1895. So if you want to take advantage of it, call at once, for our experience in sales of this character is the best are first to go. You will therefore be wise to come early.



The Misfit Clothing Parlor,
No. 125 Market Street, Mayville, Ky.

HOW HE AROSE.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY WILL L. VISSCHER.

JOHN MICOU stood with his back to the fireplace in the living-room, first on one foot then on the other, toasting the soles of his heavy boots. He had just come in from his work of repairing the broken places in the worm fences on the little blue grass farm which he had inherited, and on which stood the log house in which he had made his first appearance on earth fifty-odd years before.

Near by, that is to say, within a mile or so from Chilquapi hill, stood the ancient village of Perley, whose spires and other highest objects could be seen, in almost any kind of weather, from the shade of the farm-house. Jacques and Louise Micou, the founders of the American Micou family, had long ago gone to the last rest and their children were out in the world, prosperous people, heads of families with still spokes of Chilquapi hill as "home," and who with their children frequently came to the old place for summering, a few at a time, or many of them, as circumstances were, and it was always a haven when a haven was needed.

Of the sons and daughters of Jacques and Louise there were two, however, who had never left Chilquapi hill except on social or business visits. They were John and Julie. John you have already met. He was the youngest son of the family and the master of Chilquapi hill, and he had a glorious family of boys and girls, about a dozen in all, and Mrs. John was yet a handsome, white-haired, quiet and happy matron of fifty.

Julie was the "old maid" of the family. She was trim and neat, demure and forty-odd, sweet-faced and sweet-mannered, beloved by the entire tribe and the especial love and butt of her almost braver yet tender brother John. He rallied her about her old maid ways, but frequently hugged her like a bear, when she came in his way, and always released her with a gentle kiss.

Late in the afternoon of a soft day—soft as to the condition of the early in the year of grace, 1858, while John Micou was toasting the soles of his boots before the fire, as he stood first on one foot and then on the other, he was joining Julie as usual, and upon his favorite theme.

"Joe Thompson will be in at Easter, won't he, Julie?" Joe's hair must be a sight by this time if he hasn't had cent any more than he did in those days. Maybe he's bald. That would be a



JOHN WALKED JULIE.

natural judgment against him. You must have hit him pretty hard to make him stay away so long, and him so devoted, too."

Julie gave a shy little glance at her big old brother and something in her eyes that had the hint of a hunted down passed over them. John, seeing it, caught her in his arms, held her up as if she were a child and kissed her, then sat down with her on his lap and said:

"I think I would go and hunt him up and slap him over if he were worth the trouble. But he isn't, and never was, and I wish you would quit thinking about him, honey, for I know you always are. I'm worth a ten-acre field of such as him and you've got me."

For answer to this Julie turned her face to her big brother's shoulder and he said nothing more till she lifted her tear-stained cheeks and looked away, trying to hide the weakness.

"Never mind, honey," John continued, "I'm going to give you a little blanché to decorate the church for Easter, and—how's your bonnet? Well, you shall have the best one in the shop and the prettiest. Now run away, I know you want to."

She arose and giving John the tiniest kiss on the ear—or somewhere in that neighborhood—vanished in her genteel way.

"I wish that railroad had been born in Belochistan and never left home," John Micou remarked to himself, as he contemplated the bald head of one of the brass andirons.

The Micous had descended from Huguenot stock that had originally settled in North Carolina, and Episcopalianism had been their inherited religion. Julie's religion was second nature to her. Indeed it was almost "first-nature," if I may be allowed the term. Joseph Thompson and Julie Micou had been sweethearts from their childhood and this association of the two had grown to be a settled and accepted fact in the two families who were as close as adjoining farms and two generations of infancy could make them, and yet the Thompsons were Methodist.

There came an Easter season just about the time when Joe and Julie were at the portals of manhood and womanhood in which Julie, with other maidens of the church, for two or three days before Easter Sunday, was busily and devoutly dressing, adorning and decorating the walls, ceiling and par-

HAVE YOU HEARD OF OUR LATEST MOVE?

ANOTHER STEP TOWARD PRICE-NOTHINGNESS.

COME AND SEE OUR N. I. F. NOVELTIES IN FOOTWEAR.

You will miss it if you miss it. Investigate it and you will invest. We have charming inducements to offer your feet for comfort; your pocket for economy. It is a feat to fit the feet, but we do it with glove-like nicety and all the comfortableness of the old shoe.

We are in the midst of a meretricious price massacre with an elegant and endless assortment, in unlimited variety, in all the novelties, and up to date

in footwear for ladies, gentlemen, youth, children and misses, and all the heavy grades in all weights as well. We always make it our principle to look after our customers' interests, and we practically appreciate their patronage.

We give special attention to "particular" and "fussy" folks, and other folks just the same.

Improvement in footwear, such as we offer, is an index of progressive civilization. Then come

quickly and investigate our unapproachable stock; ours is a make-yourself-at-home store, and a short pocket-book goes a long way there.

As we have said, we appreciate your trade be it great or even greater. Come and see our million of low prices, for it has begun at our house, and that "old dragon" of high prices has been cast into the Cuban insurrection.

SPOT CASH SHOE STORE. H. C. BARKLEY. ENCOURAGING

Indeed, Is the Sign of the Times.
FOR DAILY IT IS THAT! Inquiries are being made regarding the purchase of pleasure vehicles, and fortunately for us we manufactured during the past six months the greatest variety and the most complete line of Buggies, Carriages, Phaetons and Surries ever made in the city, and we shall dispose of them at prices to compare with the times, and on terms (in a measure) to suit the purchaser.

Myall & Shackelford, PROPRIETORS OF MAYSVILLE CARRIAGE COMPANY.

D. M. Ranyon, Fire Insurance, reliable companies represented; no wilts.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment at Hopkinsville April 17th the C. and O. will sell round trip tickets to Hopkinsville at one fare, \$9.00. Tickets on the April 15th and 16th. Return limit April 20th.

We have accepted the agency for the celebrated Bowen Refrigerators, which are without exaggeration the simplest, best and cheapest on the market. These are constructed on new sanitary lines and combine beauty with usefulness. Call and see them.

FRANK OWENS HARDWARE CO. May Festival. See the May Queen and the spectacular plighting of the May pole the first week in May.

Through Cars to California. From St. Louis daily Pullman Palace Buffet and Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Los Angeles and other California points without change via Iron Mountain, Texas and Pacific and Southern Pacific.

Railways, leaving St. Louis daily at 9:30 p. m. "The True Southern Route." No high altitudes, free from ice and snow. Forming an ideal winter way to the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers.

For map folder, time-table, tourist book and full information, call on or address N. R. Warwick, D. P. A., 131 Vine street, Cincinnati, O.

36 YEARS AGO

(Commencing business at that time)

I raised the standard on which I would conduct my Drugstore. From that date to this Easter, April, 1895, it has been supported by those indestructible props that the public appreciate. On the same principles I still offer for sale

- Pure Drugs,
- Medicines, Paints,
- Oils, Dye Stuffs,
- Liquors, For Medicinal Use,
- Spices, Teas,
- Lamps, Brushes,
- Combs, Perfumery,
- Soaps, Toilet Articles,
- Notions, Patent Medicines, Etc.

Prescriptions and Family Recipes CAREFULLY PREPARED.

EVERYTHING SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICE FOR RELIABLE GOODS.

J. JAS. WOOD, DRUGGIST, MAYSVILLE, KY.

Fire Insurance—Dunley & Baldwin. For the best garden seats handled in Maysville call on H. H. Cox & Son, 45 West Second street. Send for prices.

In the midst of life we are in debt. If you owe THE LUMBER anything we'll be pleased to trade our best autograph for cash.

The advertising columns of THE LANCET speak for themselves. They show that people who know how to advertise know also where to advertise.

Now is the time to take stock in the Fifth Series of The People's Building Association. Call on John Dulley Treasurer, Robert L. Baldwin Secretary, or any of the Directors.

Have you seen the Electric Cane Cook Stoves? If you have, don't let any other day but hurry at once to our store to see them. These stoves will afford many hours of rest and comfort to the tired wife and mother during the hot summer season.

FRANK OWENS HARDWARE CO. The books of the Limestone Building Association are now open for subscription to the Twelfth Series of stock. If you want to buy a home and stop paying rent, or make a safe and profitable investment, call on W. B. Markham, President, C. D. Newell Attorney, James Threlkeld Treasurer, H. C. Sharp Secretary, or any of the Directors.

Brosee, the Fotografer. LIFE SIZE PORTRAITS AND CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

41 1/2 WEST SECOND STREET, MAYSVILLE, KY.

Easter Novelties! Call and examine the great variety, suitable for gifts to the little folks. JOHN WHEELER, Confectioner and Fruiterer. Zweigart's Block. No. 204 Market Street.

FOUND! The cheapest place in the city to buy WALLPAPER. Paints, Glass and Painters' Supplies generally. Wallpaper from 4 cents up. Something new, Detroit for finishing furniture or inside woodwork. Try it. W. H. RYDER, Successor to Ryder & Rindy.

pit of the old chapel in the village for the approaching festival. There were some young men in the little church, with the girls helping them about the heavier part of their pleasant and congenial tasks, and in the chatter among the young folks there arose some good-natured bantering concerning denominational faiths. One of the other girls remarked that there was really only one Christian church, "the Holy Catholic," meaning, of course, its Protestant side, and that such denominations as Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and the like were only "societies."

The "insane impulse" is something to which nearly all intelligent persons are more or less exposed, at some time in some way. The inclination to spring from a high place to the depths below; to throw one's self under a rapidly passing railway train; to say a harsh thing at the wrong time, are, perhaps, some of the more violent phases of this "impulse," and it was that kind of an insane impulse that led Joe Thompson on that Saturday afternoon to say:

"More religion and less ceremony is good to have in a church. But that can't be expected in the Episcopal church, of which the best thing ever said is that it doesn't bother with religion or politics."

Young Mr. Thompson may have been urged to this by the decision that he was saying something very humorous, second-hand though he knew it to be.

He had barely uttered the words when he caught a look from Julie that made him feel just as if he had struck her a violent blow in the face with his clenched fist. It was the same look of the hunted fawn that has been mentioned before in this true tale. He was heartily ashamed of it, but did not go to Julie with humble apologies and contritely beg her pardon as he should have done.

When the work in the church was completed Julie accompanied a school-tide friend and chum to her home in the village and remained until time for services the following day, Easter Sunday. Then she went home with the others, in the family carriage, to Chilquapi hill.

Sometimes when things start the wrong way it seems that the track is lubricated to facilitate swiftness. It had been arranged that Joe Thompson was to go to a distant city, in time, to take a place in business with a maternal uncle who was the head of a great manufacturing establishment. A contingency had arisen in the establishment that made it necessary for him to start on the Monday morning, so that on the Saturday before, Easter Sunday, in obedience to a sudden message.

On his way, in the early morning, to the village where he was to take passage, Joe called at Chilquapi Hill to say "good-by," and also, let us hope, to apologize to Julie for his almost brutal blow of the Saturday before.

Julie was ill and not knowing that he was going so far away so suddenly did not see him.

Joe is exceedingly sensitive and is eminently powerful in constructing mountains from mole hills.

Joseph Thompson, as he pursued his way, ruminating upon the subject, concluded, of course, that Julie was angry with him, when, indeed, she had never been angry in her life, though, truth to tell, she was at first suffering from the blow he had given. He made some poor excuse for himself to himself, but the foundation that upheld him in it all was that he would smooth matters over, if necessary, in his letters, and he would see her in the summer. Besides, Mr. Joseph Thompson felt very much elated, somewhat conceited and altogether self-satisfied, as rural young men nearly always do under anything like similar circumstances. He felt proud, indeed, to think that the city could not, very well, get along without him.

It transpired that the inexperienced Joseph fitted the city too well, but his uncle's business not slowly enough.

Try to speak of its commonplaceness. Joe's letters were just like all such letters for a time, and then they fell off like letters do when young men from the country start in the city on the pace that kills. The disclaimer from his uncle's service brought him a consciousness of disgrace. He went elsewhere—indeed far off into the west—to accept a situation which was under the influence of a loon companion. Ugly habits brought more bad results and thus the years went on. Home and Julie had become a befogged memory. But Julie herself kept on in her devotion to the little chapel, and with Joe beside it in her heart, while the hunted

look in her eyes became more and more frequent, and she grew to be the little old maid that she was, also, expecting that Joe would come some day, and then dear, old, big brother John would quit joking her about the last avest-heart of "way back yonder."

Strangely things sometimes happen to change the whole course of a life. For instance, a plain, common, every-day printer, who had just returned to his side of the country after the great war of 1861-65, seeking employment in

FATALITIES.

Five People Meet With Violent Deaths in Philadelphia.

A Mother and Her Babe Burned to Death by Gasoline.

Two Children Run Down by a Trolley Car and Horribly Mangled.—An Angel Man Invents Independent and Whistles Off by the High Route.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—Accidents and self-murder. Friday cost the total of five lives here. A mother and her babe were burned to death; the murderous trolley car claimed its sixty-sixth and seventieth victims within a year, and a despondent and poor old man hung himself.

While Mrs. Mary Kuzschenko, aged 28 years, was preparing supper in the kitchen back of the little bakery kept by her husband, she replenished a gasolene stove. The fluid caught fire, and in an instant the whole clothing was ablaze. She rushed through the dining room, setting fire to a baby coat in which her 8-month-old child was asleep, and ran on through the bakery shop to the street, and fell horribly burned upon the pavement.

The house was soon ablaze, and passers-by who attempted to enter were driven back by the flames. Kuzschenko, who was asleep on an upper floor, was taken from a second story by means of a ladder when the firemen arrived. The fire was soon got under control, and the mother and her babe were burned in the dining room. Mother and child were both taken to the hospital, where they died shortly after their admission.

Mary Miller, aged 3 years, was run over Friday morning and instantly killed by a trolley car. The child's body was horribly mangled.

Friday afternoon Mark Bloomberg, aged 1 year, was run down by a trolley car and had both legs and arm crushed. The little boy was taken to the hospital, where he died Friday night.

John Brooks, aged 70 years, was found dead, hanging by a rope from a nail in the wall of his room at 927 North Thirtieth street. He had been taken to the house about four weeks ago, and told the people there that he was trying to save enough money to return the old man to his home in New York City. He became despondent and Friday gave up the struggle for life.

Murderer Hanged.

COLUMBIA, O., April 13.—(Times) Warden James Heuser from the prison of Charles Hart, who was executed Thursday night, by noon Saturday the body was turned over to a medical college. A telegram was sent to the father of young Hart Friday morning at Osnab, Ind., asking what disposition he would make of the body, and answering him to answer at once, and he has received at a late hour. The remaining eight inmates of the annex have not recovered from the shock consequent upon the execution of Hart. George Tieschwin, the Franklin county murderer, who is to be executed April 26, is terribly shaken by the execution and required the services of a physician Friday night.

Bar Iron Association.

CLEVELAND, O., April 13.—The organization of the bar iron and steel association was completed Friday by the election of the following officers: President, W. E. Taylor, Union Iron Co.; Youngman, C. W. Rice, president; Maj. Collins, Central Iron and Steel Co., Brazil, Ind.; secretary, Geo. W. Clarke, National Iron Works, Cincinnati; treasurer, Joseph Burns, of George Coran & Co., Massillon, O.

Guilty New Hanging.

COLUMBIA, O., April 13.—The disclosure was made Friday night that the father of the children murdered by Charles Hart, witnessed the execution of the murderer at the annex Thursday night. Guilty came to the prison with the credentials of the newspaper publisher in Paulding or Deane, and used an assumed name.

Treating a Scoundrel.

CONKASTOWN, O., April 13.—The impending arrival of the American warships San Francisco and Marblehead off the coast of Syria has created a sensation in government circles here. The United States minister, Mr. Alexander W. Terrell, replying to a question on the subject, said that the war vessels were only sent to protect American citizens.

Cut His Throat.

St. Louis, April 13.—Frederick Tatum, aged 17, son of a wealthy real estate dealer and descendant of one of the oldest families of St. Louis, committed suicide at 10 o'clock Friday night, in his father's house, by cutting his throat to cause assigned.

Manitowish Coast.

CLEVELAND, O., April 13.—The Manitowish coast men are desperate price-cutting war. Two firms on April 2 reduced the price from \$10 to \$8.50. Friday the price was \$8.50. The Standard Oil Co. Friday jumped \$1.00 for north Indiana oil, and the south Indiana oil is quoted at 97 cents.

Beaten by Blacked Men.

WHEELING, W. Va., April 13.—John Stiles was attacked in his house by five masked men and terribly beaten.

The Ohio Ship Canal.

CLEVELAND, O., April 13.—Engineers of the proposed Lake Erie and Ohio ship canal have arrived here for making surveys between here and the lake.

Martin's Ferry.

MARTIN'S FERRY, April 13.—John Palmer and his wife died at Sumner, this county, within a few hours after. The former was 79 and the latter 74.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

Heavenly Bodies in the Same Relative Positions Friday as on the Day Christ Was Crucified.

Boston, April 13.—At noon Friday, Greenwich time, the heavenly bodies which gravitate around the sun were in exactly the same positions relatively to each other and to the earth that they occupied the day Christ was crucified. Not since that fateful Friday, 1,865 years ago, has this occurred, and it will be about 2,000 years before it will occur again.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, said Friday in reference to the phenomenon: "Of course this is simply a matter of calculating the relative positions of the heavenly bodies during the past 1,865 years. I remember seeing in one of the astronomical magazines that it had been worked out."

"For the best time since Christ was crucified, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn are in the same latitude in the sky. There is nothing of great importance in this, but as a matter of general interest it can be said the same relation of the heavenly bodies occurred again on the anniversary of Good Friday for about two thousand years."

A BRAVE MOTHER

Gives Up Her Life to Save That of Her Child.

NEW YORK, April 13.—Mrs. Eva Abrams, 33 years old, was fearfully killed by a trolley car. She was taken from an old stove in her flat Friday. She at once picked up her infant and rushed into the hall and cried for help. Her body was slightly injured, but on the same floor, who went to Mrs. Abrams' assistance, and took the baby into her own apartment.

Believed to be Mrs. Abrams, Abrams rushed back into her room to get her other child. By this time the floor was aflame, and she was in flames from head to foot. Notwithstanding the agony she was in she picked up her second child and rushed into the hall.

Neighbors at once threw water over Mrs. Abrams and tore the burning clothing from her body, but it is feared she can not recover.

Missionaries Not in Danger.

BOSTON, April 13.—Mr. Barton, secretary of the American board of commissioners of foreign missions speaking of the conditions of the missionaries at Bittu, Turkey, reported in a London dispatch to be perilous, said: "I am not aware of any direct danger there. I received Friday morning a letter from Mr. Cole, who is mentioned in the cable dispatch, but he does not believe that the missionaries are in any danger, but in a very dangerous section of the country. Our government has no reason there, the nearest one being 30 miles away."

Russia Will Intervene.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 13.—It is stated on excellent authority that Russia has determined to make diplomatic opposition to the proposed intervention of any portion of the Asiatic continent. The Russian army and navy in the far east are to have a free hand in the far east.

New York Grip Victims.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The state board of health has issued an interesting report regarding the grip was read. "The chief disturbing element of recent times," it says, "has been the epidemic of grip which began on the first of January, and still exists. During the first two months of the year, grip did the job of all other diseases. February showed an increased prevalence and March continued it."

Killed by Lightning.

STITCHER, Ky., April 13.—A son of John Lynch was killed by lightning near this place Friday morning. The father of the children murdered by Charles Hart, witnessed the execution of the murderer at the annex Thursday night. Guilty came to the prison with the credentials of the newspaper publisher in Paulding or Deane, and used an assumed name.

A Minister's Crime.

WYOMING, April 13.—Rev. M. Williams, minister of the Mt. Morris Methodist Protestant church, has been convicted in court here of a crime, and sentenced to prison. The prosecutor was Lewis Lennay, a member of the church, whose daughter Williams is said to have ruined.

Ironmaster Charges Hands.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 13.—El C. W. Morgan, who was charged with the murder of a wealthy real estate dealer and descendant of one of the oldest families of St. Louis, committed suicide at 10 o'clock Friday night, in his father's house, by cutting his throat to cause assigned.

Accidentally Shot by Her Sister.

SHANNONVILLE, Pa., April 13.—Katie Fritz, the 13-year-old daughter of John Fritz, proprietor of the Western mansion, a well known summer resort, was accidentally shot and instantly killed by her sister Mary, aged 15 years.

Her to a Fortune.

NORFOLK, Ind., April 13.—H. S. Putnam, superintendent of the American Carbox works in this city, received notice Friday stating that he had fallen heir to a fortune of \$20,000 by the death of a relative in the west.

Arrested for an Old Murder.

FAIR HAVEN, N. Y., April 13.—Robert E. Wright, aged 23, was arrested in this city for the murder of a woman named Christina Trean. Trean, of Cameron county, Pa., six years ago.

A Banker's Suicide.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., April 13.—T. E. Ede, a banker of Pawnee City, Neb., committed suicide here, by hanging himself to a bedpost. He was a patient at Dr. J. S. Smith's.

IT IS SETTLED.

White Wings Hover Over Japan and China.

An Understanding Has Been Reached Between the Plenipotentiaries.

This News Has Been Sent to Washington—Particulars of the Terms Not Known, But It Is Believed Japan Has Granted Concessions From First Demanded.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Official advice received here Friday morning indicate that an understanding has been reached between the Japanese and Chinese plenipotentiaries and that the news of the definite conclusion of peace may be expected at any moment.

The exact particulars of the proposed terms of settlement could not be learned, but it is understood that in response to the urgent and repeated requests of the Chinese plenipotentiaries for an abatement of the demands originally made, the Japanese plenipotentiaries have granted important concessions.

Great satisfaction is expressed here at the information that peace negotiations have been practically completed between China and Japan, and that before the termination of the time fixed for the termination of the armistice.

So far as can be learned a formal treaty has not been signed and may not be before Saturday. Meanwhile there is a possibility that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese representative, may object at the last moment and another postponement may be necessary.

This is regarded, however, as only a possibility, and not a probability, inasmuch as the plenipotentiaries have devoted their efforts to their work, and the conclusions have been reached after the most careful and deliberate consideration.

THE CHINESE POSITION.

When the signature of Li Hung Chang shall have been affixed to the treaty, it will then be formally declared. The Chinese victory, which was clothed with plenary powers when he signed the treaty, is now in action taken by him, therefore, is definite.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—United States Consul General Charles H. Kay, at Berlin, believes that he has discovered the means of curing consumption, lupus and perhaps cancer. He reports to the United States government that the coming medical congress at Munich is likely to give no little attention to the discovery, which he believes will be a great boon to the world.

SENIOR MEN'S EXHIBITION.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The exhibition for the new army blouse uniforms were awarded Friday by Secretary Taft. The successful bidder for the caps were Messrs. Henry Allen & Co., of New York City. The caps are a radical change from the old ones, and the blouses are an entirely new departure.

THE CRIPPLE CRICK HOLD-UP.

CRIPPLE CRICK, Cal., April 13.—Bob Smith, the driver of the express, is believed to be the perpetrator of the murderous assault by the robbers who got away with the money. The driver did the job of all other diseases. February showed an increased prevalence and March continued it.

Died From Microbes.

LANS, N. D., April 13.—Miss Mary R. Croughan, who has suffered from microbes during the past five months, is dead. She had had great difficulty in breathing, and had become more exhausted, her weakness being increased by an attack of the grip. The attending physician is of the opinion that the microbes were caused by the growth of a tumor which pressed upon the esophagus.

More Chicago Wreckage.

VALPARAISO, Ind., April 13.—Wreckage from the Chicago is coming to the Lake Michigan shore on the north part of this county. Furniture and boxes from the ill-fated ship were found Thursday. The shore is literally covered with bottles, barrels, Chicago and Lockford, Ill. A fine gold ring, with large red and white stones, was also found. A constant watch is maintained for more.

Powderly vs. K. K. Goes Over.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—By agreement between the two sides, the suit of Terence V. Powderly against the Knights of Labor for \$1,300 unpaid salary, as well as the suit of A. W. Wright, ex-member of the general executive board of money expended in behalf of the order, will not be tried until the next term.

An Abundance of Coal Coming.

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 13.—There was a shipment of 2,676,000 bushels of coal south Friday on the river. The water has been at almost a flood stage and has now subsided so that the boats can go out in safety. It is estimated that about 5,000,000 bushels will go out on the present rise.

Died of Pneumonia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—Hon. Richard P. Donaldson, aged 75, one of the wealthiest and best known men in Northern Indiana, died of pneumonia at his home in Chicago, Ill., after a long illness.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Gathered From All Parts of the Country by Telegraph.

Langfairs blew open the post office safe at Montpelier, Ind., getting \$3,000. Peter Willis, a Swiss inventor, suicided at Chicago. Claims he was swindled.

The czar has decided that this coronation shall be celebrated at Moscow, next August.

A crowd of men ran amuck at Zanesville, O., firing upon school children. Nobody hurt.

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GOD'S MESSENGER

THE south wind caught the autumn
"Mong orange blossoms at play
And the warm sunbeams lay
To warm the snowdrifts lay
In soft, warm arms it bore them
To far off Northern land
Where brooks were bound in fetters
Wrought by the low king's hand.
Till by an angel's smile
The south wind set them free
And the sunbeams smiled
Where the snow was piled
And danced in the leafless trees
The snowdrifts melted and melted
The brook's shakies cast
And through the autumn haze
The sap ran free and fast
The cold air stirred and murmured
A violet have looked up
And the sunbeams came from the branches
And hid in its purple cup
The church bells rang the message
Thatched the hearts of men
When first the grave was conquered
And Jesus lived again
The air was rich with odors
Of life and of love
And organs made sweet thimble
While men forgave their foes
But no heart sang as truly
The joyful Easter song
Blue-streaked the wood along
To have his darkness lit away
By every eye and ear
All suddenly illumined
By that lone light
CHAS. H. EDWARDS HANES

A Mystery Explained
Although her Easter bonnet cost
A fortune in its way
Her husband seemed not to be crossed
Nor had a word to say
I know you'll think this is a lie
It's hard to overcome
Until you know the reason why
Her husband was so dumb
—N. Y. World

Regular as Clockwork
Dinah (scrubbing the floor)—You must
give me a present to-morrow, missus.
It's my birthday.
Mistress—And so your birthday comes
on Easter this year, Dinah.
Dinah—Yesim, I has a birthday every
Easter—Life.

Dismayed
Clara—Mr. Fiddleback has just been
trying to persuade me that I am a perfect
Easter belle.
Maude—Don't you believe it?
Clara—No. I told him I had no ring.
—Truth.

AN EASTER EPISODE



Duckling—Did your ma do that?
Child—No, I guess not. She does do
a little scratching now and then, but
she never did anything in black-and-
white.—Judge.

A Hairpin Victim
In a new spring suit of clothing I had hoped I
might appear.
For I needed and had set my heart upon it.
But I'll have to wear the same dress I've been
wearing all the year.
For my wife's going to buy an Easter
bonnet.—Truth.

An Improvement
Rev. Mr. Drowsie—Did you enjoy my
Easter sermon?
Mrs. Raprack—Very much. I thought
you read it so much better than you
did last year.—Truth.

HAD NOT A DAY TO SPARE
Mrs. Biddy Barnyard—Ah, children,
what a narrow escape you have had
to-morrow is Easter, and if you had
been much later you might have been
botted for Easter eggs.—Golden Days.

Two Victims
"I've a dream of an Easter hat," she said
While her husband sat pale and still.
"Oh, then," he said, and bent his head,
"I've a nightmare of a bill."
—Chicago Record

No Wasting
This Easter brings me no content,
The reason's plain to see
She gave up many things in Lent
Among them butter and—
—Judge.

His Annual Sacrifice
Wife—Are you going to give up any-
thing during Lent?
Husband—About thirty dollars for my
wife's bonnet.—Brooklyn Life.

The Height of Hysteria
Though Easter is the time they say
When women are in fever,
It is to her a sorry day
Whose bonnet is made over
—An Easter Bonnet.

Mrs. Editor—This hat is a perfect
poem.
Editor—All the more reason I should
desire to pay for it.—Brooklyn Life

LOOK HERE FOR FUN and BUSINESS COMBINED!

The Wife—One-half the world doesn't know
how the other half live.
The Husband—Well, it isn't the fault of your
serving society, anyway.

GEORGE H. HEINER, WHOLESALE DEPOT.
110 Broadway Street, Nos. 117 and 119 West Sec-
ond Street, Established 1793

A SEASONABLE SUBJECT.
**How Many Citizens Know That Maysville
Has a First-class Ice Plant?**



Do you see ice?
Of course you do; and you ought to get a
perfectly pure article.
This can be obtained from the new, the
large and the modern plant of Messrs. Acker
& Frederick, on the Fleming place just East of
the city limits.
Mr. Harry Frederick, the practical ice-
maker and cold-storage manager of the firm,
before coming to Maysville had years of ex-
perience in the large establishments of Chi-
cago, Kansas City, Minneapolis and Denver,
and the present plant has been modeled after
the best in these cities.

Ice-making has been combined with the
butchering business, although the depart-
ments are entirely separated from each other,
save insofar as the cold storage is applied to
the preservation and the perfection of meat.
First we will speak of the ice manufacture.
The machinery is of the most modern sort.
Every drop of water used comes from a driven
well 50 feet deep, but, not satisfied with this,
it is afterward distilled by the "distillation"
process, and to make assurance doubly sure,
after condensation it passes through an im-
mense filter before entering the cans for
freezing. In the entire process, nothing is
used but pure water and ammonia gas, not
an ounce of beeswax or oil, which so often
contaminates the ice when made by the older
processes, and which has been the cause of so
much complaint on the part of consumers.
In construction, the plant is a model of sim-
plicity and economy. Every drop of water
the running of the gears with pure water to the
"dumplings" of the crystal cakes after being
trueness of the automatically, saving labor
and money. The cakes are 10-12-18
inches, and so perfectly clear that one may
read a newspaper through them. The pro-
duct is packed in 20 tons, which can be easily
increased at small expense. By the time the
season opens the firm will have about 40 tons
ready for market.
Attaching the ice plant on the East is the
butchering establishment, and the connec-
tion of the cold storage department with it
marks a new epoch in the history of the meat
business in Maysville.
There are no other cattle anywhere than

those raised on the burgess of our own
country, yet good meat is the exception
With the Armour for instance, it is the rule.
Why? It is not in the cattle—it is in the
treatment of the meat after killing. The Mays-
ville way has been to kill choice cattle—and to
cook the meat before the animal heat had left
it. The Armour way is to kill all sorts of cat-
tle—and to handle the meat in such manner
afterward that it elicits nothing but maledic-
tions. Messrs. Acker & Frederick have revolu-
tionized the back-supper method.

Nears are now placed in the cold-storage,
where the temperature is always kept near
the freezing point, and there it remains for
at least twenty days. When taken out and
served to customers it is equal to any that
comes from Armour—or anywhere else.
Suppose you leave your order with Messrs.
Acker & Frederick, No. 238 Market street,
and see if you don't get a steak or a roast
that will be a revelation to you.
There are no cases of mumps in Maysville,
but a line of Ladies and Gent's Watches at
Messrs. Acker & Frederick's you should not fail to see.
Sympathetic Seward—Lights both? ye,
sir.
Very Sick Passenger—No. I think it's my
liver.



Bicycles.
Sut cash, \$30; wood rim.
—J. T. KACKLEY & CO.
If I wonder what is required of every
man to be born again?
Sut—out of fairness to him. It gives him
a chance of being born a girl next time.
Window shades, sun fast, new process. Hol-
lons. Prices, from 10 cents to \$1.00.
—J. T. KACKLEY & CO.
SNIP—What chance you are giving is a better
one?
Stub—Because flags are about the best
things up.
Easter Bonnet, to Sunday-school. Together,
from 25 cents per dozen to 50 cents; half price.
—J. T. KACKLEY & CO.
L'Art de la Mode.
Mrs. James H. Sprague, fashionable dress-
maker. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Miss Binkley—I wonder if I'll live to see my
fourtieth birthday?
He—No; I only come once.
HOUSEKEEPING SOUVENIRS.
The Place to Get the Best Housekeeping. That Pertains
to the Table and Housekeeping.



It is surprising what handsome designs of
table-ware can be had for little money. Never
in the country's history was cutglass so
beautiful or so cheap; never were plates on
all things in the china-ware and lamp trade so
low; and never before was there in Maysville
a more attractive stock than that kept by Fred
A. Type, No. 40 West Second street. Be wise.
Don't take our word for it but call and see
for yourself.
"You become learned with bicycling!"
"Oh, yes; after I once got in the habit of it,"
she rejoined, glancing at her bloomers.

1865-1896.

A House That Has an Honourable and an Impard
Curier For Thirty Years.



EQUITY GROCERY.
After a business career of thirty years G.
W. O'Brien has this announcement to patrons
and friends of the house.
My Stock is Complete.
Never Up to Date,
and Prices as Low as
than they have been in all those years.
A visit to "The Equity" will convince you
that my object is to give a value for your
money that will please you.

AN EASTER DAY PROMISE.

Easter day was drawing near, as was
shown in the opening glories of wood
and field around the old Carolina home,
where Jessie Thornwell had spent the
days of her uneventful but happy life.
Honeyanuckle and jessamine blossoms
flecked the warm fens; lilacs of the
valley, violets, buttercups and dandelions
carpeted the meadows, while
trumpet flowers and laurel blossoms
lent glory to the neighboring ramp.
The thrush, cardinal, grosbeak and
mockingbird filled the air with melody,
as though heralding the coming of the
Christ day. The youth and buoyancy
of the vernal season were in consonance
with the life and promise of the girl,
just budding into beautiful woman-
hood.

How supremely happy she was as the
grateful breaths of the zephyr reached
her nostrils and as she looked out upon
the great forest trees that glowered in
their delicate vernal robes. She
thought reverently of the approaching
day, when, in the white robes and
bearing offerings of Easter flowers,
she would take her first communion.
The only child of her widowed mother
and the darling of her father, "Man-
ny," Manthy, her young life had never
known a care, and she might have been
a queen, but her youth and buoyancy
scientificness that forbade selfishness.



"TOU'LE BE JIN' LAICK DE ANGLE!"
She was innocent and pure as the lilies
that grew in the meadow, and her
hearted all the affection that was lavished
upon her. Manthy's love bordered
upon idolatry.
"Miss Bessie!" ejaculated the mistress,
mildly protesting against the irrever-
ence.
"Deed I does, missis. The blessed
lawn does meek her, 'n' ef' d'n'r any
sweets, pooder'n' her, den I jis' clint
up ober de wall 'n' peek at 'em."
While the mother and Manthy were
wondering her praises Bessie entered,
flushed and excited.
"I have been down among the bay
trees and expresses, mamma, and am
very tired," she said, wearily.
The doctor came and looked grave.
Night shadows fell upon the earth, and
deeper shadows fell upon the house-
hold. A malignant fever had attacked
the maiden and the spirit of irrespons-
ible sorrow was present. The fragile
form wasted fast, and then came the
writing of the last of that young life.
The van face lighted in an ex-
plaining glance, and the feeble lips whispered:
—"This mortal must put on immor-
tality."

The Easter day that was to have
seen her first communion was the
fatal day that bore a strong resem-
blance to the two yellow lilies depicted
by Leonardo da Vinci in his interesting
drawing of the young life. It is com-
plete of a spherical ball of primrose
carefully tied together, and in the cen-
ter is placed a white apple-petal anem-
one, or pasque.
In Warwickshire, England, they have
very similar bouquets, except that the
pinks of the anemone is supplied by a
branch of the palm willow.
In the celebrated painting referred to,
the infant Christ is represented as
standing between two yellow lilies, that
on the sinister side with the petals
downward, apparently to represent the
humanity or humiliation of Christ,
while that on the dexter side with the
petals upward, implying the divinity,
or glorification.

The Heart of Easter.
Our joy and our hope is in the
eternal day that bears a strong resem-
blance to the two yellow lilies depicted
by Leonardo da Vinci in his interesting
drawing of the young life. It is com-
plete of a spherical ball of primrose
carefully tied together, and in the cen-
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or glorification.

Jay's Ia Cripple Remedy,
Is the Best Cure for Colds, Headache, Grip, Kidney
Complaints and Pains in Joints and Limbs.

John C. Pecor, MAYSVILLE.

WE SPEAK FOR YOU!

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THIS PAPER.
CALLING YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

WOW!!!

Our store is pre-eminently headquarters in Maysville for Fine Tailor-Made Men's Clothing. We are proud of our stock
this season, and you will be pleased with the prices. We say without fear of contradiction that no house in the country can
make us in prices. We do not promise you a horse and carriage or a house and lot with every purchase, but we do promise
you more for your money than you can buy anywhere on the globe, and stand ready to prove it. We want everybody to come
and examine our goods and prices and be convinced of the truth of our statement.

WE DO FINE MERCHANT TAILORING,

And keep an elegant line of piece goods, the very best that foreign and domestic looms can produce, that we make up in the
latest and most approved style at reasonable prices.



OUR MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT is complete
with every article essential to a gentleman's outfit. Correct styles and
low prices.

**OUR BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
STOCK IS LARGE,**

Large enough to stand a rush, and the Clothing strong enough to
stand both rushing and romping after the boy gets inside of it. We
not only study to please the boy, but the father and mother as well.

Come and see us. We will treat you right. We will do you good.
We will try to make you happy.

Respectfully,



J. WESLEY LEE & CO.
N. E. CORNER SECOND AND MARKET STREETS, DODSON BUILDING.

THE QUESTION

And the longer you wear Shoes from Miner's, the more you'll regret you didn't buy two or three pairs instead of one. Come early and often. Ladies, be sure to examine those fine French Hand-turn and Welts, selling at one-half first cost. There's no use naming prices here. NO SHOE HOUSE COMES NEAR US.

We are alone selling better goods for less money than any Shoe house in the land.

W. C. MINER.

Have You Attended the GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE at MINER'S SHOE STORE?

If not, do so at once. Such bargains were never offered in the history of the Shoe business in Maysville. This is the verdict of all who have bought Shoes at this sale, and it still continues. So many, many bargains left yet. You need not be afraid to take anything in the line of BOOTS AND SHOES you see at Miner's for the prices marked on same. THE VALUE IS THERE.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH!

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS!

... TO BE CLEAN YOU MUST PATRONIZE ...

STEAM LAUNDRY AND BATH ROOMS.

All Work Guaranteed First-Class.

Leave Orders at Harry Taylor's.

Having moved into our new building, we are now prepared to do the best work in the city. Family washing a specialty. Laundry called for and delivered to any part of the city. Work done when promised.

Globe Steam Laundry, COMMERCE STREET.

LIKE A GIANT CORKSCREW.

Fourteen Times Around a Mountain Between these and Summit.

There is a mountain fifteen miles from Tumacacori, but so near the international line that it is not known positively whether it is in Arizona or Mexico, but it is believed that it is United States property. Miners, says New York Recorder, have always called it Babal mountain, and it is a most appropriate name. It is of a soft sandstone and pumice formation, and the work of making the road was not a difficult task. The road commences in a canyon of the foothills and rises at an easy grade, corkscrew fashion, going around the mountain fourteen times before the summit is reached. The road is about fifty yards square when it starts at the base and gradually gets smaller until it is only ten feet wide as the top. In many places the road has been washed out by the storms of years, but it is still possible to take a horse to the top. In many places, where the slides overhang a little, the mark of the builder's pick can be plainly seen on the wall or rock. To ascend the mountain a person must follow the road, and this is a two days' task, as it is about thirty miles, as near as can be calculated without actual measurements. The lowest road is a little over three miles long when it goes around the mountain once. However, this is very irregular and goes around several spurs of the mountain. The roughness of the road is indescribable, and a horse is of no use for a week after the trip. The top of the mountain is about seven thousand feet above the plain. There is nothing at the top, and the adventurer wonders, when he gets there, what the road was built for.

THE CRADLE OF GREAT MEN.

A distinguished Publisher says the West is the cradle of great men.

The typical Americans have all been western men, with the exception, let us say, of Washington. Washington had not had much of European culture. The qualities that made him a great commander and a great president were qualities which would have made him an equally great frontiersman. You cannot imagine Hamilton, or Madison, or Livingston, or John Adams, or the Placemans living liberally on the frontier. They are not Americans in the sense in which Clay and Jackson and Lincoln are Americans. A man may wish that the typical Americans of the past had had more knowledge, a more cultivated appreciation of the value of what was old and established, a juster view of foreign nations and foreign politics; that they had been more like Webster and less like Jackson; and we may hope that the typical American of the future will be wiser and better poised. But in the meantime the past is to be unlearned and estimated as a mere fact stand, and only a thoroughly sympathetic comprehension of these men who have actually been the typical Americans will enable us to effect that purpose. The fact that Clay rather than Webster, Jackson and not

John Quincy Adams, represents the forces which were really predominant and distinctively American in our development is commentary enough on any theory that makes either of the peculiar sections of the Atlantic seaboard the principal or only theater of American history.

The Lions in the Moon.

We always speak of the lines and spots of the moon's surface as "The lion in the moon," but it seems that others have entertained a different opinion. Bishop Wilkins says: "In some countries the figures on the moon are supposed to be two lions in deadly combat; in most Oriental countries the picture is thought to be that of a single lion. Others will only have it to be the picture of a man's face, as the moon is represented. Albertus thinks that it shows the picture of a lion with his face toward the west and his tail toward the east. It is as much like a lion as that in the Zodiac, or as Ursa Major is like a bear."

TOO COSTLY FOR WINTER.

Ocean Greyhounds to Be Used Only in Summer Trade.

The recent announcement that the Lucania and Campania were to be laid up for the winter marks another step in the differentiation of the Atlantic traffic that has been going on for some years. The record breakers of the ocean, of which the two ships named are at present the chief, are accordingly to the New York Times, too costly to run except at the height of the season of pleasure traveling, when a great number of people are making the voyage to whom time is much more an object than money, and who can afford to pay for the highest attainable degree of speed and luxury. The steamers which minister to this desire are far more costly to operate than slower ships that are equally safe and almost equally comfortable, and it is proper that the passengers who prefer them should pay for their preference. They are the limited trains of marine travel. Next to them come the slower ships that can be kept in service all the year round, including those which were record breakers in their time, and after these the freight boats, in which the accommodation of passengers is incidental to their main business, and which may be either liners or trampships. The summer service, that is to say, is becoming a special service like the summer trains for pleasure travel on shore. Evidently a steamer which is not meant to make winter passages may advantageously be differently fitted and equipped in many respects from one that is. We may look to see the summer ships made capable not only of a higher speed but a greater comfort than can be afforded in a vessel that must be ready to encounter the Atlantic in midwinter. The luxury of the summer ships provide may become costlier than ever, while it is likely that the cost of a voyage on steamers of the second class will be considerably reduced as the differentiation goes on.

Ladies' Low Shoes!

Newest Styles,
Newest Shades,
Newest Shapes.

Men's Russia Shoes, In Latest Shapes and Shades!

Russia and Tan Shoes
For the Children.

J. HENRY PECOR.

Bierbower & Co.

ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE FAMOUS

John Van Range,
Leonard Refrigerator

AND THE BEST

Wood and Coal
Cookers and Gasoline STOVES

ON EARTH.

Call and see if what we say is not true before you buy, or you may be dissatisfied.

BIERBOWER & CO.

COURAGE IN WAR.

No Longer Necessary Since the Introduction of Mechanical Appliances.

It is not probable that there is an army on the earth whose leaders would urge an advance against such an inferno of inevitable annihilation in the face of which their cumbersome equipments would stand as absolutely worse than nothing. A meager outlay in defense on the principle of direct concussion during hostilities would effectually bar the combined navies of the earth from approaching New York harbor near enough to hear the echo of the invading guns.

A defensive are equipped with nitroglycerine boats and balloons could hold its own with the navy and literally sweep the ocean floor with hostile scrap before a single shot could fall within sight.

Let it be understood that there is not a single element of uncertainty in the case; that every claim is based on a rigid analysis, is of simple and inexpensive verification and that such verification shall demonstrate fairly and fully that the proposed and the armament are destined to replace every mechanical thing that has met destructive negation and mere superiority of numbers, discipline and animal courage are lost forevermore as factors of victory in war.

In this new application of well-known principles the fighting tools will find their occupation gone and the common humanities will begin to flourish as they should.

Missouri Spanish.

A drummer who had traveled all over California sat in a Pullman car with a Missourian, and, as the latter was a newcomer, gave him much information about the state.

"By the way," said the Missourian, after awhile, "you seem to know most of the towns in this yer state. Ever been in Anytown?"

"No, Anytown is a new one on me. I have been in several outlandish named places, but never in Anytown. Where is it?"

"I got the letter here," replied the Missourian, "it's from a friend of mine as lives there." And he handed over an envelope stamped "Anytown, Cal." The drummer did not believe all he hears in Missouri Spanish henceforth.

At Rome Do as the Romans Do.

Ambrose, bishop of Milan in the fourth century, was once visited by Monica and her son Augustine, the celebrated bishop of Hippo, in North Africa. There was one point as to which Augustine was in some trouble, and he therefore asked Ambrose for his guidance in the matter. At Rome, he said, it was the custom to fast on Saturdays, while at Milan they fasted not; what course was he, Augustine, to take? "Well," replied Ambrose, "what am I here, I claim as they are in the habit of doing, but when I go to Rome I do as the Romans do." This sensible saying has passed into a proverb, and means: "Fall in with the customs of those with whom you happen to be living."

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

A glance at the Raw Material in a Connecticut Mill.

"Them's good elder apples," said the elder miller. "Ain't nothin' the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls for the most part," said a New York Times correspondent, all knotty and dried up. "Miserable things!"

"Make tippit, elder, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, pointing his cane into one of the apples. "There ain't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for elder," answered the miller. "Makes the elder all the better, some folks says."

"How about the wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers-on about the place volunteered a reply.

"The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers-on about the place volunteered a reply."

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what I do. When you go home to-night, just try an experiment. Wash it, let it dark, an' then take two apples an' go down in 't the cellar an' see if you kin tell the difference 'twixt the one with a worm into it an' 't other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most da'lish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light with ye."

"But how an I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course, I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightnin'! You didn't s'pose I wanted ye to go down there an' get round a feelin' of the apples, did ye? That wasn't what I meant. What I meant was this: You just take a wormy apple an' a sound one an' go down in 't the cellar an' see if you bet ye a shillin' you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent chuckled.

"Don't that prove it?" was on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right in 't the grater, long with the rest. How many an' they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into elder, an' the man ain't livin' that kin tell when he's drinkin' the elder what part's apple juice an' what part's worm juice."

"Then, agin, we couldn't do no different if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital an' doctor it with vermin till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go an' they'll keep on goin', I s'pose, till one of them crawls to amiable feller shuts down on it an' makes us gree to dose the worms with sherry from 'fore we gride 'em up."

